

Maudlin Of The Well **"Pondering A Wall"**

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Here am I, red and sour. Mine eye smiling to thy side!
He lives in a river
From Carina's door
Washing out the devourer
Of dying acres
Maybe salvation deserves this?
All in my hand overcame me.
Eyes on you, I drowned in yours, and then
My house forsook me.
Lithely trickling away, my name from thee
In a slumber-call...
Hast thou dreamt my name?
Haste, my weight is hollow.
Speak, and it saves me.
Haste, speak, trust me.
Atop a hill, a marvelous night's
Lustrous vistas mark the year,
Creeping across the barony.
Phantoms flicker with a licking breeze,
Admonishing thee of wicked pleasure.
I scheme to renounce my treasure
With a furtive smile, silence
But tears, they stream for thee
Thou! Lusting a dungeon
This land is like... a goblet of the thick
And black!
Brim-filled before the moon-crest
I'm pondering a wall
And poised with knives
And then, I look at you
(Secretly, of course)

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